day a larger pot from this neighbor, and each time returned one still larger. Finally, as had been his original intention, Abu Nuwas borrowed his neighbor's largest vessel, one of the greatest value because it was large enough to feed a company of soldiers. This he failed to return, keeping it with the intention of selling it. After several days, the neighbor called Abu Nuwas, and inquired greedily if the great vessel had given birth. "God remains," sighed Abu Nuwas piously, "the pot is dead." "What!" shouted the enraged neighbor, "How can a pot die?" Abu Nuwas placed his arm gently on the other's arm and said, "Think carefully what the judge will say to this after you have accepted the offspring of so many pots. How can a pot give birth?" 539

The elder women also tell the children folktales of various types, but it was not possible to record any of them in detail. The townsmen make little use of the madi or "club" of the officials and officers, nor are they interested in alcoholic beverages or gambling. A few, while on a journey in Baghdad, Erbil, or Mosul, may be attracted by the cabarets or the houses of prostitution, but these occasions are rare and there are no such institutions in the town or the Rowanduz district. 538 517 [529] [484] [547] [548]

In masculine conversation, politics, both domestic and international, overshadow any other intellectual topic, and, as might be expected, are strongly coloured by Kurdish nationalism. It is unusual to find a group of Kurds discussing matters of philosophy, science, religion, or the like, and such things find a very small part in current interest. The Kurd, it might be said, is not particularly concerned whether the earth is round or flat, but will hold forth on contemporary affairs in the Middle East almost interminably. Kurdish nationalism, as noted at the outset, 521 [648] [668]